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the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and

Baltimore.

Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

FARMER'S HYMN.

God of the hills and verdant plains,
I bless thy ruling hand;
For drifting mists and gentle rains
Are sent by thy command.
The opening spring is decked by thee
With each delightful flower,
And every leaf and blade I see
Bears impress of thy power.
The ripening summer's burning sun,
The winter's piercing cold,
The changing seasons as they run,
Thy wisdom, Lord, unfold.
The joy that centres in my cot,
No less thy wisdom owns;
With rural happiness my lot,
I cannot envy thine.
Love dwells within my peaceful breast
At every morning's dawn;
And when the sun sinks in the west,
My cares are all withdrawn.
Beside the hill, the purling brook,
Glad nature's soul retreat,
With gratitude to thee I look,
And songs of joy repeat.
For to thy bliss, my voice I raise,
Almighty God, to thee;
Although thou needst not angels' praise,
Much less such praise from me.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE WIDOW BY BREVET.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

Let me introduce the courteous reader to two

ladies.

Miss Picklin, a tall young lady of twenty-one,

near enough to good looking to permit of a delu-

sion on the subject (of which however she had

an entire monopoly,) with cheeks always red in

a small spot, lips not so red as the cheeks, rat-

her thin, sharp nose, and waist very slender;

and last (not least important) a very long neck,

scalded on either side in a resemblance of a

scroll of shivered parchment, which might or

might not be considered as a misfortune, serv-

ing her as title-deed to twenty-thousand dol-

lars. The scold was inflexible and the fortune left

in consequence, by a maiden aunt, who, in the

boyhood of Miss Picklin attempted to cure the

child's sore throat by an application of cabbage

leaves steeped in hot vinegar.

Miss Phenicia Picklin commonly called Phen-

icia, a good humored girl, rather inclined to

be fat, gifted with several points of beauty of

which she was not at all aware, very much a pet

among her female friends, admitting with per-

fect sincerity and submission, her sister's exclu-

sive right to the admiration of the gentlemen of

their acquaintance.

Capt. Isiah Picklin the father of these ladies

was a merchant of Salem, an importer of figs and

opium, and once master of the brig 'Simple Su-

san,' which still plied between his warehouse

and Constantinople,—and cod-fish and the car-

go outward. I have not Miss Picklin's permis-

sion to mention the precise date of the events I

am about to record, and leaving that point alone

to the imagination of the reader, I shall set

down the other particulars and impediments

in the course of true love with historical fidel-

ity.

Ever since she had been of sufficient age to

turn her attention exclusively to matrimony, Miss

Picklin had nourished a presentiment that her

destiny was exotic; that the soil of Salem

was too poor, and the indigenous lovers too

mean; and that potted in her twenty thousand

dollars, she was a choice production, set aside

for flowering in a foreign clime, and destined to

be transplanted by a foreign lover. With this

secret in her bosom, she had refused one or two

gentlemen of middle age, recommended by her

father, besides sundry score of young gentle-

men of slender revenues in her own set of ac-

quaintances, till if there had been any thing

beside poetry in Shakespeare's assertion that it

The captain himself was rather taken aback.

He had known old Abdoul for many years,—

had traded and smoked with him in the cafes of

Galata, had gone out with him on Sunday to

lounges on the tombstones at Scutari, and had

never thought twice about his yellow gown and

red trousers; but what the dance would be

thought of them in Salem? True, it was his

son; through three generations; he knew that,

from remembering this very boy all but smother-

ed in a sort of saffron blanket, with sleeves

like pillow-cases—his first assumption of the *toya*

virilis (not that old Picklin knew Latin, but such

was his sentiment better expressed.) Then he

had never been asked to the house of the

Stamboul merchant, not introduced to his wives

nor his daughters, (indeed, he had forgotten

that old Keui was near cutting his throat for ask-

ing after them,) but of course it was very differ-

ent in Salem. Young Keui must be the Picklin

guest, fed and lodged, and the girls would

want to give him a tea-party. Would he sit on

a chair, or wear cushions on the floor? Would

he come to dinner with his breast bare, and

leave his boots outside? Would he eat rice

pudding with his fingers? Would he think it

indecent if the girls didn't wear linen clothes,

Turkey fashion, over their mouths and noses?

Would he bring his pipes? Would he fall on

his face and say his prayers four times a day,

wherever he should be (with a clean place hand-

dy?) What would the neighbors say? The cap-

tain worked himself into a violent perspiration

with merely thinking of all this.

The Salemites have a famous museum, and

know 'what sort of a thing is your crocodile';

but a live Turk consigned to Captain Picklin!

It set the town in a fever!

It would have an indecent opening for a

conjecture to Miss Picklin's present age, were I

to state whether or not the arrival of the Simple

Susan was reported by telegraph. She ran in

with a fair wind one Sunday morning, and was

immediately boarded by the harbor-master and

Captain Picklin; and there, true to the prophet-

ic bodings of the old Isiah, the young Turk sat

cross-legged on the quarter deck, in a white tur-

ban and scarlet *et ceteras*, smoking his father's

identical pipe,—no other, captain would have

taken his oath!

Up rose Hassan, when informed who was his

visitor, and taken old Picklin's hand, put it to

his forehead. The weather stained sea-captain

and bleached in the counting-house, and he had

not at first sight remembered the old friend of

his father. He passed the pipe into Isiah's

hand, and begged him to keep it as a memento

of Abdoul, for his father had died at the last Ra-

mazan. Hassan had come out to see the world,

and secure a continuance of codfish and good-

will from the house of Picklin; and the mer-

chant got astride of the tiller of his old craft,

and smoked this news through his amber-mouth-

ed legacy, while the youth went below to get

ready to go ashore.

The reader, of course would prefer to share

the first impressions of the ladies as to the young

Musliman's personal appearance, and I pass,

at once therefore, to their disappointment, sur-

prise, mortification, and vexation; when, as the

bells were ringing for church, the crew, their

owner, their father entered, and in followed a

young gentleman in frock-coat and trousers!—

Yes, and in his hand a hat, a black hat,—and

on his feet yellow boots but calf-skin, mun-

dane and common calf-skin, and with no slaved

brand, and no twisted shawl around his waist:

nothing to be seen but a very handsome young

man, indeed, with teeth like a fresh slice of

coconut meat, and a very deliberate pronuncia-

tion to his bad English.

Miss Picklin's disappointment had to be kept

upon, for she had made great outlay of imagina-

(as she chose to call him)—extremely *decollete*,

in a pink silk dress with short sleeves, and in a

turban with the gold fringe,—the latter of

course, out of compliment to his country.

'Money is power,' even in family circles, and it

was only Miss Picklin who exercised the privi-

lege of full dress at mid-day dinner. Phenicia

came to the table dressed as at breakfast and if

she felt at all anxious of her sister's pink gown

and elbows to match, it did not appear in her

pleasant face or sisterly attention. The captain

would allow any thing and do almost anything

for his rich daughter; but as to dining with his

coat on, in hot weather, company or no com-

pany, he would rather,—

"Be quick! the earth,

And bowled to death with turnips!"

though that is not the way he expressed it. The

part *cerce* therefore (for there was no Mrs. Pick-

lin.) was, in the matter of costume, rather

incongruous, but as the Turk took it for granted

that it was all according to the customs of the

country, the carving was achieved by the shirt-

sleeved captain, and the pudding 'helped,' by

his bare-armed daughter, with no particular

commotion, in the elements. Earthquakes do

not invariably follow violations of etiquette, par-

ticularly where nobody is offended.

After the first day things took their natural

course,—as near as they were able. Hassan was

not very quick at conversation, always taken at

least five minutes to put together for delivery

a sentence of English; but his laugh did not

fire, nor did his hand, nor did his nose smile;

and where ladies are voluble (as ladies some-

times are) this paucity of ammunition on the

gentleman's part is no prelude to discomfiture.

Then Phenicia had a very fat smattering of It-

alian, and that being the business language of the

Levant, Hassan took refuge in it whenever

brought to a stand-still in English,—a refuge,

by the way, of which he seemed inclined to avail

himself oftener than was consistent with

Miss Picklin's exclusive property in his attention.

Rebellious though Hassan might secretly

have been to this authority over himself, Phenicia

was no accomplice, natural modesty combining

with the long habits of subservience to make

her even anticipate the exactions of the heiress;

and so Miss Picklin had 'Mr. Keui' principally

to herself, promending him through the streets

of Salem, and bestowing her sweetness upon

him from his morning entrance to his evening

exit; Phenicia relieving guard very cheerfully,

while her sister dressed for dinner. It was possi-

ble for her to permit to converse in Italian

during this half hour, that Hassan made it the

only part of the day in which he talked of him-

self and his house on the Bosphorus, but that

will not account also, for Phenicia's sighing while

she listened,—never having sighted before in her

life, not even when the same voice was talking

English to her sister.

Without going into a description of the Pick-

lin tea-party at which Hassan was persuaded to

figure in his oriental costume, while Miss Pick-

lin sat by him on a cushion, turbaned and (prob-

ably) cross-legged, *a la Sultana*, and without

recording other signs satisfactory to the Salemites,

that the young Turk had fallen to the sealed

heavens.

"As the day to the fish that take it,

By a variety of nature."

I must come plump to the fact that on the Mon-

day following one week after his arrival, Has-

san left Salem unaccompanied by Miss Picklin.

As he had asked for no private interview in the

best parlor, and had made his final business ar-

rangements with the captain, so that he could

take passage from New York without returning,

some people were inclined to fancy that Miss

Picklin's demonstrations with regard to him had

under their sufficient protection, to be wedded,

if she should so please, on the day of her arrival

in the 'Golden Horn.'

As Miss Picklin had preserved a mysterious

silence on the subject of 'Mr. Keui's attention

since his departure, and as a lady with twenty

thousand dollars in her own right is, of course,

quite independent of parental control, the cap-

tain after running his eye hastily through the

document, called to the boy who was weighing

out a quintal of codfish, and bid him wrap the

letter in a brown paper, and run with it to Miss

Picklin,—taking it for granted that she knew

more about the matter than he did, and would

explain it all when he came home to dinner.

In thinking the matter over on his way home,

it occurred to old Picklin that it was worded as

if he had but one daughter. At any rate, he

was quite sure that neither of his daughters was

particularly specified either by name or age.—

No doubt it was all right, however. The girls

understood it.

"So it is you miss!" he said, as Miss Picklin

looked round from the turban she was trying on

before the glass.

"Certainly, pa! who else should it be?"

And there ended the captain's doubts, for he

never again got sight of the letter, and the tur-

ban of preparation for Miss Picklin's voyage,

made the house anything but a place for getting

answers to impertinent questions. Phenicia, whom

the news had made thoughtful, let drop a hint

or two that she would like to see the letter; but

a mysterious air, and 'La, child you would not

understand it,' was check enough for her timid

curiosity, and she pined her needle upon her sis-

ter's wedding dress, with patient submission.

The preparation for the voyage went on

swimmingly. The missionaries were written to

and willingly consented to chaperon Miss Pick-

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